

THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.]

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[NO. 32.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
We hither bring.

THE PUNISHMENT OF FAMILY PRIDE. A Tale.

THE violent propensity which many people—and people with no contemptible understandings—discover to family-pride, often throws them into ridiculous situations, and is sometimes attended with consequences of the ineligible nature.

Monsieur de Barillon, a gentleman of Savoy, plumed himself not a little on the antiquity of his descent, and frequently pored over his pedigree—a pedigree of considerable length, with the utmost satisfaction. He had a genteel income, but it was by no means equal to his wishes: however, when he looked upon his coat of arms, he drew consolations from the sight, peculiar to those who derive no small share of their happiness from the *Herald's Office*. Excessively fond of a daughter, an only child who was generally allowed by all the impartial of both sexes, to be the handsomest girl in the province, he spared no pains, he grudged no expence within the limits of discretion, to make her thoroughly accomplished; fondly hoping, that he should, by so doing, raise her to a situation superior to his own in point of fortune; but he resolved at the same time not to bestow her on a man who could not boast of a long list of very respectable ancestors. After having rejected many of Julia's lovers, who wished extremely to be united to her, charmed with her person and her manners, and delighted with her conversation, because they were not, though in affluent circumstances, well-born, according to his own narrow ideas of birth, he met with a man whom he deemed sufficiently qualified to become his son-in-law.

One of those gentlemen who had been rejected by Monsieur de Barillon, being particularly piqued by his behaviour to him, determined to mortify him for his family-pride, in the most galling manner; and succeeded to his wishes.—Communicating his designs one day to an Italian count, with whom he had lived in the habit of friendship, he received an answer from him, which not only diverted him exceedingly, but also gave him a great deal of sincere pleasure, as it led immediately to the point he had in view, the punishment of Julia's father, by a severe blow levelled at his family-pride.

"I have a very handsome fellow in my service (said the count) who does not want for parts; he is, indeed, much more accomplished than many men in his line of life. What think you of getting him introduced to Mademoiselle de Barillon, as my representative?"

"The luckiest thought in the world," exclaimed Dubois: "Julia is of a romantic turn, and I will start your servant as lover in a pastoral scene. Does he play upon any instrument?"

"Upon the flute; and with no small taste, I assure you."

"Enough. Let him be dressed something in the Arcadian style, and with his flute repair to a spot not far from Barillon's grounds, which, as it is highly picturesque, his daughter, I know, frequently visits: and I dare say, when I have tutored him, and told him in what manner to proceed in his manœuvres, he will make her his own; ay, and with the old man's consent into the bargain."

When the necessary arrangements were made, the count *Fourbino*, properly equipped, set out to the spot pointed out for the scene of action, with his flute; and had not blown many tunes upon it, before he perceived two females peeping over a bush; one of whom he knew, from the minute description he had received, to be the lady in question; the other, having all the appearance of an attendant, gave him no concern.

When he had played several pastoral songs, he could not help perceiving with great pleasure, that his performance made a considerable impression upon the ears of the young lady, tho' she did not convey her feelings with any extravagance in her deportment. Her attendant, with a behaviour not so chastized, was in raptures.

As soon as he thought he had softened Julia one way, he proceeded to attack her in another.

Putting up his flute, he advanced towards the bank with so graceful an air, and paid her so many elegant compliments on her condescension in attending to his poor efforts to entertain her, that she felt not a few prepossessions in his favour; those prepossessions were increased by an interview with him the next day, in the same place.

By making an appointment with a man whom she had never seen before, Julia may be blamed, perhaps, by some rigid readers of this tale; but, when they are informed that she not only made her father acquainted with what she had done, but required him to be present at the next meeting, to convince him that she had no clandestine designs, they will, it is probable, be of another opinion. The step was, indeed, not a common one, but it was safely commendable.

Monsieur de Barillon, highly entertained with the account which his daughter had given of her morning adventure, as she called it, and doubly pleased to find her so desirous of his being a witness to her second interview, attended her to the place appointed, with a number of new sensations stirring in his breast, not to be described.

The count on seeing Julia faithful to her appointment, flew to her with all the transports of the fondest lover, and with all the delicate celerity of a true gentleman; and so far was he from being disconcerted at the sight of her father, that the moment the first compliments paid to her were over, he made the following address to him.

"I think myself, sir, sufficiently happy in having been able to give this lady (turning to Julia) any entertainment in this place; I am doubly so to find that she has communicated her

feelings to one who has so just a right to be acquainted with them."

To any parent such a speech would, I trust, have proved a flattering one; to Monsieur de Barillon it was singularly pleasing; and he could not help wishing, in the first moments of satisfaction, to find the speaker a man of birth and fortune, that he might present his daughter to him, without blushing for his new connection.

In a conversation which naturally ensued upon the answer which Monsieur de Barillon returned, he was overjoyed to discover that his daughter's admirer was not only a man of birth and fortune, but that he had a *title* also. He could hardly keep his transports within the bounds of decorum.

Taking the count home with him, he assured him, after a long and close conversation, that if the intelligence he had given relating to himself were true—politely begging his pardon at the same time for harbouring any suspicions with regard to his veracity—he should deem himself highly honoured by an alliance with his house. The count in return, with perfect good-breeding, spoke in praise of his cautionary conduct, gave him an address to a friend of his, not unknown to him (who was in the secret) and took his leave.

Monsieur de Barillon, having made the necessary enquiries, received from the gentleman to whom he was recommended, such satisfactory information, that he returned home with an additional vivacity in his looks and demeanour, and the marriage ceremony was, in a few days afterwards performed. The nuptial night was a night of festivity; but, when Julia rose the next morning, she found in a few hours, to her father's extreme disappointment and chagrin, that she had married a—*footman*.

On Pedantry:

SIR,

TO display the least symptom of learning, or to seem to know more than your footman, is become an offence against the rules of politeness, and is branded with the name of pedantry and ill-breeding. The very sound of a Roman or a Grecian name, or a hard name, as the ladies call it, though their own perhaps are harder by half, is enough to disconcert the temper of a dozen countesses, and to strike a whole assembly of fine gentlemen dumb with amazement.

This squeamishness of theirs is owing to their aversion to pedantry, which they understand to be a sort of mustiness, that can only be contracted in a recluse and studious life, and a foible peculiar to men of letters. But if a strong attachment to a particular subject, a total ignorance of every other, an eagerness to introduce that subject upon all occasions, and a confirmed habit of declaiming upon it without either wit or discretion, be the marks of a pedantic character, as

they certainly are, it belongs to the illiterate as well as the learned; and St. James's itself may boast of producing as arrant pedants as were ever sent forth from a college.

I know a woman of fashion, who is perpetually employed in remarks upon the weather, who observes from morning to noon, that it is likely to rain, and from noon to night, that it spits, that it misles, that it is set in for a wet evening: and, being incapable of any other discourse, is as insipid a companion and just as pedantic as he who quotes Aristotle over his tea, or talks Greek at a card-table.

A gentleman of my acquaintance is a constant attendant upon parliamentary business, and I have heard him entertain a large circle by the hour, with the speeches that were made in a debate upon mum and perry. He has a wonderful memory, and a kind of oratorical tune in his elocution, that serves him instead of an emphasis. By those means he has acquired the reputation of having a deal to say for himself; but as it consists entirely of what others have said for themselves before him, and if he should be deaf during the Sessions, he would certainly be dumb in the intervals, I must needs set him down for a pedant.

But the most troublesome, as well as most dangerous character of this sort that I am so unhappy as to be connected with, is a stripling who spends his whole life in a fencing-school. This athletic young pedant is, indeed, a most formidable creature; his whole conversation lies in *Quart* and *Tierce*; if you meet him in the street, he salutes you in the gymnastic manner, throws himself back upon his left hip, levels his cane at the pit of your stomach, and looks as fierce as a prize-fighter. In the midst of a discourse upon politics, he starts from the table on a sudden, and splits himself into a monstrous lounge against the wainscot: immediately he puts a foil into your hand insists upon teaching you his murdering thrust, and if, in the course of his instructions, he pushes out an eye or foretooth, he tells you, that you *flapp'd your point, or dropp'd your wrist*, and imputes all the mischief to the awkwardness of his pupil.

The musical pedant, who, instead of attending to the discourse, diverts himself with humming an air, or, if he speaks, expresses himself in the language of the orchestra; the Newmarket pedant, who has no knowledge but what he gathers upon the turf; the female pedant, who is an adept in nothing but the patterns of silks and flounces; and the coffee house pedant, whose erudition lies within the margin of news-paper, are nuisances so extremely common, that it is almost unnecessary to mention them. Yet, pedants as they are, they shelter themselves under the fashionableness of their foible, and with all the properties of the character, generally escape the imputation of it. In my opinion, however, they deserve our censure more than the merest book-worm imaginable. The man of letters is usually confined to his study; and having but little pleasure in conversing with men of the world, does not often intrude himself into their company: these unlearned pedants, on the contrary, are to be met with every where: they have nothing to do, but to run about and be troublesome, and are universally the bane of agreeable conversation.

I am, &c.

B. THORNTON.

The faint-hearted Lover:

SIR,

I DO not doubt but every one of your readers will be able to judge of my case, as without question, every one of them either has been, or is at present, as much in love as your humble servant. You must know, Sir, I am the very Mr. *Faint-heart* described in the proverb, who never won fair lady: for though I have paid my addresses to several of the sex, I have gone about it in so meek and pitiful a manner, that it might fairly be a question, whether I was in earnest.—One of my Dulcinea's was taken, as we catch mackerel, by a bit of scarlet; another was seduced from me by a suit of embroidery; and another surrendered, at the first attack, to the long sword of an Irishman. My present suit and service is paid to a certain lady who is as fearful of receiving any tokens of my affection as I am of offering them. I am only permitted to admire her at a distance; an ogle or a leer are all the advances I dare make: if I move but a finger, it puts her all in a sweat; and, like the sensitive plant, she would shrink and die away at a touch. During our long courtship, I never offered to salute her but once; and then she made such a wriggling with her body, such a struggling with her arms, and such a tossing and twirling of her head to and fro, that, instead of touching her lips, I was nearly in danger of carrying off the tip of her nose. I even dared at another time to take her round the waist; but she bounced away from me, and screamed out as if I had actually been going to commit violence upon her. I also once plucked up courage sufficient to attempt squeezing her by the hand, but she resisted my attack by so close a clench of her fist, that my grasp was presented with nothing but sharp-pointed knuckles, and a long thumb nail; and I was directly after saluted with a violent stroke on my jaw-bone. If I walk out with her, I use all my endeavours to keep close at her side: but she whisks away from me as though I had some catching distemper about me: if there are but three of us, she eludes my design by skipping sometimes on one side and sometimes on t'other, as I approach her; but when there are more of us in company, she takes care to be sheltered from me, by placing herself the very midmost of the rank. If we ride in a coach together, I am not only debarred from sitting on the same side, but I must be seated on the furthest corner of the seat opposite to her, that our knees may not meet. We are as much at a distance from one another at dinner, as if we were really man and wife, whom custom has directed to keep asunder the whole length of the table; and when we drink tea, she would sooner run the risk of having the contents spilt over her, than take the cup and saucer from me any nearer than at both our arms length. If I mention a syllable that in the least borders upon love, she immediately reddens at it as much as if I had let drop a loose or indelicate expression; and when I desire to have a little private conversation with her, she wonders at my impudence, to think that she could trust herself with a man alone. In short, Sir, I begin to despair of ever coming to close contact with her: but what is still more provoking, though she keeps me at so respectful

a distance, she tamely permits a strapping fellow of the guards to pat her on the cheek, play with her hand, and even approach her lips, and that too in my presence. If you, or any of your readers, can advise me what to do in this case, it will be a lasting obligation conferred on

Your very humble servant,

TIMOTHY MILDMAN.

B. Thornton.

Singular Robbery:

THE Earl of S—, one of the richest peers of Great Britain, had been in London, and on his return intended to call on one of his tenants. He had no other attendants than a coachman and one servant. He had not travelled six miles from the metropolis, when he was obliged to pass thro' a wood where his carriage was surrounded by six highwaymen. Two bound the coachman, two the servant, and two applied a pistol to the breast of the nobleman.

Your pocket book; said one of the robbers with a horrid countenance. Instead of which, the Earl pulled out a heavy purse, which he presented to him.

Have the goodness, my Lord, to produce your pocket book, said the robber who with his left hand weighed the purse, and with the right continued to present the pistol.

The Earl drew out his pocket book and delivered it up, which the robbers examined. Whilst he was thus engaged, his countenance excited the attention of the former. His full eyes, curved nose, distorted cheeks, wide mouth, and projecting chin presented an object more disgusting than he had ever before witnessed. The robber, after taking some paper out of the book, returned it to the gentleman.

A prosperous journey my Lord, he cried, and rode off with his companions.

The Earl, upon his return home, examined the book, which had contained two thousand five hundred pounds in notes, and to his great astonishment found five hundred pounds remaining. He rejoiced at the discovery, and related the adventure to his friends, at the same time adding, that the countenance of the man was so extraordinary, that it would never be absent from his recollection. Two years had already elapsed since the affair had happened, and the particulars of it had passed from his mind, when one morning he received a penny post letter, while in London, the contents of which were as follows;

"My Lord—I am a poor German Jew. The Prince whose subject I was, oppressed my sect in so cruel a manner, as to oblige me, with five others, to seek an asylum in Great Britain. I fell ill during the voyage, and the bark which was to have conveyed us from the vessel to the shore, was overturned by the storm. A man whose face I had never before seen, sprang into the sea, and saved me at the risk of his own life.

"He carried me into his house, procured me a nurse and a physician. He was a clothier, and had twelve children alive. I recovered, and offered my host some recompence for his hospitality, but he rejected every offer, and only requested me to visit him sometimes. I went soon after, and found him extremely dejected. The disturbances had broken out in America, and he

had sent to Boston goods to the amount of eight thousand pounds, which the merchants refused to pay. He confessed to me that a bill would become due upon him in the course of a month which he could not honour: that consequently his credit would be destroyed and his ruin completed. I would have willingly given him assistance had it been in my power. I considered myself indebted to him for my life, which I ought not to regard as too great a sacrifice in serving my benefactor. I went to my companions and represented to them the state of the case. They were all bound to me by the tenderest ties of friendship, and willing to aid me in the execution of any plan I should suggest. We agreed, therefore, to take the desperate and unwarrantable measures of highway robbery to procure the necessary sum. Accident made us acquainted with your intended rout, and the money which you had in your possession. We laid our plan accordingly, and succeeded in a manner already known to you, I enclosed the two thousand pounds which I took from your pocket book in a letter to my benefactor, saying, that I would suit the payment of it to his circumstances. The money was of temporary service to him, but as he lost all his American property, he died soon after, insolvent. Fortune, however, was more favourable to me—I obtained a prize of five thousand pounds in the lottery. I have, therefore, sent you the enclosed, which is the sum, with the interest, that I took from you. You will find another thousand pounds, which I should be obliged to you to send to the F— family in F. Upon the receipt of this letter, my companions and myself will be on our way to Germany, where we wish, if possible, to take up our residence. I protest to you, that none of our pistols were loaded when we assaulted you, and none of our hangers were unsheathed. What I have done and said, will shield me, I hope, from being considered so obnoxious a member of society as my conduct at first might lead you to suppose. Accept the good wishes of an individual whose intentions were pure, though his conduct might be criminal."

The Earl had no sooner read the letter than he made enquiries for the clothier's family, and gave them the two thousand pounds which the Jew had sent.

Account of the Cupressus Distichia:

BY WILLIAM BATRAM.

THE Cupressus Distichia stands in the first order of North American trees. Its majestic stature is surprising; and on approaching it, we are struck with a kind of awe, at beholding the stateliness of the trunk, lifting its cumbrous top towards the skies, and casting a wide shade upon the ground, as a dark intervening cloud, which, for a time, excludes the rays of the sun. The delicacy of its colour and texture of its leaves, exceed every thing of the kind in vegetation. It generally grows in the water, or in low flat lands, near the banks of great rivers and lakes, that are covered with two or three feet depth of water; and that part of the trunk which is subject to be under water, and four or five feet higher up, is greatly enlarged by prodigious buttresses, or pilasters, which in full grown trees, project out

on every side to such a distance, that several men might easily hide themselves in the hollows between. Each pilaster terminates under ground, in a very large, strong, and serpentine root, which strikes off and branches every way, just under the surface of the earth: and from these roots grow woody cones, called cypress knees, four, five, and six feet high, and from six to eighteen inches and two feet in diameter at their bases. The large ones are hollow, and serve very well for bee-hives; a small space of the tree itself is hollow, nearly as high as the buttresses already mentioned. From this place, the tree, as it were, takes another beginning, forming a grand straight column eighty or ninety feet high, when it divides every way around into an extensive flat horizontal top, like an umbrella, where eagles have their secure nests, and cranes and storks their temporary resting places; and what adds to the magnificence of their appearance, is the streamers of long moss that hang from their lofty limbs and float in the winds. This is their majestic appearance when standing alone, in large rice plantations, or thinly planted on the banks of great rivers.

Paroquets are commonly seen hovering on their tops: they delight to shell the balls, its seeds being their favourite food. The trunks of these trees when hollowed out, make large and durable pitiaguers and canoes, and afford excellent shingles, boards, and other timber adapted to every purpose in frame buildings. When the planters fell these mighty trees, they raise a stage round them, as high as to reach above the buttress; on this stage, eight or ten negroes ascend with their axes, and fall to work round its trunk. I have seen trunks of these trees that would measure eight, ten, and twelve feet in diameter, for forty and fifty feet straight shaft.

Power of Music over Animals:

ON a Sunday evening, five choristers were walking on the banks of the river Mersey, in Cheshire (England) after some time, they sat down on the grass, and began to sing an anthem. The field in which they sat, was terminated at one extremity by a wood, out of which, as they were singing, they observed a hare to pass with great swiftness towards the place where they were sitting, and to stop at about twenty yards distance from them. She appeared highly delighted with the music, often turning up the side of her head to listen with more facility. This uncommon appearance engaged their attention, and being desirous to know whether the creature paid them the visit to partake of the music, they finished the piece, and sat still without speaking to each other. As soon as the harmonious sound was over, the hare returned slowly towards the wood: when she had reached nearly the end of the field they began the same piece again, at which the hare stooped, turned about, and came swiftly back again, to about the same distance as before; where she seemed to listen with rapture and delight, till they had finished the anthem, when she returned again by a slow pace up the field, and entered the wood.

To labour and be content with that a man hath, is a sweet life.

Distribution of Time:

A due regard to Order necessary in Business, Time, Expence, and Amusements.

Throughout your affairs, your time, your expence, your amusements, your society, the principle of order must be equally carried, if you expect to reap any of its happy fruits. For if into any one of those great departments of life you suffer disorder to enter, it will spread through all the rest. In vain, for instance, you purpose to be orderly in the conduct of your affairs, if you be irregular in the distribution of your time. In vain you attempt to regulate your expence, if into your amusements, or your society, disorder has crept. You have admitted a principle of confusion which will defeat all your plans, and perplex and entangle what you sought to arrange. Uniformity is above all things necessary to order. If you desire that any thing should proceed according to method and rule, "let all things be done in order."

I must also admonish you, that in small, as well as in great affairs, a due regard to order is requisite. I mean not, that you ought to look on those minute attentions, which are apt to occupy frivolous minds, as connected either with virtue or wisdom: but I exhort you to remember, that disorder, like other immoralities, frequently takes rise from inconsiderable beginnings. They who, in the lesser transactions of life, are totally negligent of rule, will be in hazard of extending that negligence, by degrees, to such affairs and duties as will render them criminal. Remissness grows on all who study not to guard against it; and it is only by frequent exercise, that the habits of order and punctuality can be thoroughly confirmed.

Blair.

Dean Swift:

The peculiarities of Swift, in regard to domestic concerns, are the more remarkable because they lessen his dignity as a man of letters.

As he expected punctual, ready and implicit obedience, he always tried his servants when he hired them, by some test of their humility. Among other questions, he always asked whether they understood cleaning shoes; because, said he, my kitchen wench has a scullion that does her drudgery, and one part of the business of my groom and footman, is constantly to clean her shoes by turns. If they scrupled this, the treaty was at an end, if not, he gave them a further hearing. His kitchen wench he always distinguished by the name of Sweetheart.

It happened one day that Sweetheart greatly over roasted the only joint he had for dinner; upon which he sent for her up, and with great coolness and gravity—Sweetheart, says he, take this down in the kitchen and do it less. She replied, that was impossible. Pray then, said he, if you had roasted it too little, could you have done it more? Yes, said she, I could easily have done that. Why then, Sweetheart, replied the Dean, let me advise you, if you must commit a fault, commit one that can be mended.



Original Poetry.

*For you ye fair I feel a joy divine,
To gather fruit and point you to the vine.*

FOR THE LITERARY MIRROR.

ON THE

Portsmouth Female Asylum.

OH charity from realms refin'd,
Thou ornament of human kind !
I've met thee often on my way,
While half breath'd sighs, have blest thy sway !
And gratitude, too full to speak,
Has bath'd in tears, the pallid cheek !
Behold this band of orphans join,
To praise thee, Charity divine !
Which first inspir'd the female heart,
Its kind donations to impart !
To pour instruction o'er the mind,
From Virtue's purest fount, refin'd !
That else, had Error led astray,
And Vice had triumph'd o'er its prey !
Hail Institution ever blest !
By sacred Virtue's friends carest,
By Wisdom, Candour, Pity giv'n,
The path direct that leads to heav'n !
The wretched—though once charming maid,
By curs'd Seduction's arts betray'd.
Whose last, faint rays of hope decay,
From friends and kindred far away ;
Now on a death bed pillow lies—
Torn by remorse, repentant sighs.
Oh Charity ! thy lovely grief,
Shall speak the accents of relief—
And premise o'er the victim's grave,
Thy care her infant's life to save—
Cast helpless "on the world's wide stage,"
Thou wilt protect its tender age—
A home the little outcast find,
For poor, unfortunates design'd !
Where precept shall direct its youth,
To tread the even paths of truth—
And teach the orphan to beware,
Those arts its parent did ensnare—
And sunk to deep remorse a prey,
In youth, and beauty's op'ning day !

Afflicted parents who implore,
Life's daily food, from door, to door ;
And teach your offspring to request,
Compassion's aid to the distress !
Here, with the lovely, smiling throng,
Your children too, may smile among.
Here, shelter, the defenceless find,
From penury's chill blast unkind,
On Sympathy's soft breast reclin'd !

What piercing cries now pain my ear ?
'Tis from a female by yon bier.
The king of terrors wing'd his dart,
Unerring to her mother's heart !
"The shaft flew twice." Oh now behold
The grave her father's corpse unfold !
Who shall the wretched child befriend—
From insult, want, and vice defend ?
Each Patroness with open arms,
Would shield the lovely girl from harms !
And tender her, a friendly home,
Where, mis'ry's pallid offspring come—
Where, by experience they prove,
The kindness of maternal love !

Believe—ye second parents, when
Ye're doom'd to quit each earthly scene,
Still shall these orphans speak your praise,
And monuments of fame shall raise !
Oft to your "turf bound graves" repair,
To shed the tears of mem'ry there !

Directresses, Preceptress too,
Would, I could render ye your due,
But my untaught, unpolish'd lays,
Can never fully speak your praise.
Accept this tribute from my heart,
That grateful feelings must impart ;
A heart, your deeds of worth inspire,
"To strive to be what I admire."
May other females thus combine,
And by your fair example shine !

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PRINTED AT SHORT NOTICE.

J. Johnson,

INFORMS his friends, and the public at large, that
he has lately opened a shop near the ferry-ways, where
he carries on the business of a BARBER, in all its va-
rious branches ; and pledges himself to give satisfac-
tion to all who shall honour him with their custom.

For no one to the razor's use e'er bred,
Could handle it with better grace,
More kindly shave the roughest face,
Or with superior taste set off a head !

Portsmouth, Sept. 24, 1808.

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